

A DOCTOR'S MISSION

BY EMILY THORNTON
Author of "ROY RUSSELL'S RULE,"
"GLENROY," "THE FASHIONABLE MOTHER," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)
Thrusting the pistol quickly in his pocket, the young man sprang towards her so suddenly that she could not defend herself, and clamping her slight form tightly in his strong arms, he lifted her at once to the winged contrivance, placed her in it, then leaping to her side, seized the reins, and drove rapidly off, while the poor girl was in almost a fainting condition, from displeasure and fright.

After a few moments of intense stillness, broken only by the clatter of the horse's hoofs, as he bounded on, Robert turned to her with laughing triumph in his eyes and exultingly exclaimed: "You see, my charming young friend, that when I say I will do a thing, I intend to do it. Now I decided this afternoon to have you for a companion on a little drive, and you see I have carried the day, and here you are, seated cozily by my side, while we are dashing away in grand style. Confess now, is not this just splendid?"

"It is not, Sir, I think your conduct unjustly and cruel in the extreme."
"Not at all, I assure you, I regard you as the cruel one, when you declined to favor me with your company. Why you treat me so strangely is an enigma. You ought to feel honored to be allowed to ride with so well-known, wealthy and kind-hearted a man."

"It is no honor, sir, but a deep insult, to be thus forced to do what is disagreeable."
"I suppose it would be very disagreeable to have me kiss you?"
"Sir!" was the indignant exclamation that fell upon his ear.

"Well, disagreeable or not to you, it would be extremely agreeable to me. I tell you candidly, I would like to do it, you are so sweet and beautiful, but I will refrain, and deny myself that pleasure, if you keep perfectly quiet, and just try to enjoy this ride while you have the chance. If you do not—I'll make the least fuss. I vow I will do it!"

Ethel made no reply. She realized fully that the eccentric individual beside her had her in his power, therefore acknowledging to herself that it was best under the circumstances to make no further resistance, she sank back in her seat and remained silent and motionless.

As they flew over the long and lonely road, passing brooks, ponds, trees, rocks, indeed everything but houses and inhabitants. During the whole drive not one word more was spoken by either victor or vanquished.

Ethel's face was deadly pale, however, during the hour that ensued, before the head of the horse was turned homeward, while Robert's was illuminated by a glow of intense satisfaction and triumph.

When at length the shades of evening began to gather, they once more neared Glendenning Hall. Stopping the horse before they reached the place, she sheltered and obscure spot, Robert jumped out, then turned to assist Ethel from the vehicle.

"Springing past him to the ground, Ethel started away, breathing a prayer of fervent thanksgiving for her safe return, when she had once more reached her room, the poor girl brushed away the tears that had relieved her excited feelings as soon as she had entered, and then with a sinking dread at her heart cast her eyes on the sick man's room."

CHAPTER XIII.
The next afternoon, Ethel felt that she could safely start to the village, to make a few purchases for herself, as at the lunch table Robert had told Lady Constance he should have home at two that afternoon to visit a young friend, and should remain away until noon the next day.

"As you please, Miss Glendenning, it certainly is not my intention to keep secret the fact that I have just narrowly escaped death by being crushed by the car. As Dr. Eifenstein risked his life to drag me from danger, and then employed his skill to bring me from a dreadful swoon, he certainly thought it no harm to restore me safely to your uncle's aid as I was too weak from fright to walk."

So saying, Ethel passed on, leaving the angry, but astonished girl to her own reflections. That these were not of a very pleasant nature, the following whisper gave evidence:

"It is always the way. Wish to keep one person away from another, and something is sure to happen to bring them together. One thing I am determined, however, he shall never marry Ethel Nevergall, if I can possibly prevent it."

CHAPTER XIV.
Ethel did not entirely recover from the effects of her fright, until after the night's sleep had served to calm her nerves, and all the evening that followed she was excited and scarcely able to control herself.

When she bade the family good night and locked herself into her room, it was with a dazed feeling, and an aching head. Nerving herself for her duty, however, as well as she could, she proceeded to light her candle, and taking the indispensable knife, she passed through the wardrobe and passageway, into the corridor beyond.

Possessing herself of the basket of food, she remembered to fasten the door with the iron hook, a precaution the baronet had charged her always to observe, that by no possibility could she be surprised while accomplishing her task, then passing onward, she opened the panel as usual, and placed the plate of food upon the shelves.

As she did so she heard distinctly a movement on the other side, which, being rather unusual, for silence alone ordinarily reigned, startled her already excited nerves so much that she gave the shelves the required shove, and just as she whirled away, she saw, to her horror, which too late to stop them, that she had dropped the knife from her hand, and it had gone around with the food.

Breathlessly she waited for the return movement, hoping that the creature within would not observe it, and that it would come back with the plate.

As she waited in a singular loud, shrill noise or cry came from within. The next moment the shelves had revolved, and the plate alone appeared.

Appalled by her own carelessness, and fancying she knew not what as the result, she knelt with her hands joined, and cried out in a low, pleading voice, "Oh, what a terrible accident! What a wretched, wretched thing!"

What was now her duty? Should she immediately seek the baronet, who was probably asleep by this time, and telling him the mishap, ask what was to be done?

No! she could not think this course a wise one. The baronet was an exceedingly passionate man. Such a tale, at this hour, would throw him into a whirl of nervous anger that might cause damage to the broken big, the bones of which, all hoped, had by this time commenced to unite.

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SONG OF LIFE.

Maiden of the laughing eyes,
Primrose-tinted, winged, free,
Virgin daughter of the skies—
Joy!—whom gods and mortals prize,
Share thy smiles with me!

Yet—lest I, unheeding, borrow
Pleasure that to-day endears
And beheads the heart to-morrow,
Turn not wholly from me,orrow!
Let me share thy tears!

Give me of thy fullness, Life!
Pulse and passion, power, breath,
Yield pure, heroic strife—
Give me of thy fullness, Life!
Nor deny me death!

—Harper's Magazine.

Lucky Rain Drops

As the weather had been fine for quite half an hour people had donned their light spring clothing and had sallied forth into the park, feeling spruce and merry. They sallied out again, however, with undignified haste when a sudden downpour of rain came from nowhere in particular—no one had noticed any clouds—transforming most of them into mere masses of drenched misery in less than three minutes.

Lily, her head bent forward against the wind, and with both hands holding her wind-driven skirts, started to run toward Grant monument. Not many yards had she gone when she collided with Clayton, who was scurrying toward the park corner.

"I beg your pardon," said he. Lily stood still, her back to the wind and her wayward golden hair blowing prettily over her shoulders and framing her flushed face.

"You!" she exclaimed. "Now he was standing still, too. They stared confusedly at each other, neither knowing what to say.

"I thought," he ventured at last, "that I had nearly killed somebody. I sincerely hope— But there, I'm forgetting the rain and you've no umbrella. Hi, there—you with the tent! I'll give you five dollars for it!"

This to a ragged old man, nevertheless, seemed to be comparatively happy, having a misshapen but inviting umbrella.

"Done!" said the old fellow, jumping eagerly at the bargain. "It ain't much of a beauty for promenading, sir, and mebbe it ain't worth so much, but—"

"It is to me," said Clayton. "Here's the money. Now, turning once more to Lily, "let's find a more sheltered place."

Beneath the ugly umbrella the young couple hurried along toward a huge tree that seemed to offer some protection from wind and rain.

"How strange," remarked Clayton, "that we should suddenly find ourselves journeying along together again once more. Just as we used to do, as though we had never quarreled! At this moment I can scarcely realize that it is over—"

"It isn't," snapped the girl emphatically. "I mean, the rain isn't over yet. But it will soon be, and—and you really needn't have bothered about an umbrella."

"Well, you needn't stand so far away, if you do hate me."
He took her arm and pulled her, ever so gently, toward him.

BARON KUROKI IN THE FIELD.



BARON KUROKI, COMMANDING THE FIRST JAPANESE ARMY.

Baron Kuroki, commander-in-chief of the First Japanese Army, is renowned as an organizer and as a fighter, qualities which he proved in the victory of Klu-chen-cheng on May Day, and in the masterly movements by which he has isolated Fort Arthur and rendered General Kuropatkin's position in Manchuria one of extreme difficulty.

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